Monkshouse
Rodwell.

Tuesday 35

Well that was a princely thought – the pate,
& butter than a thought, it practically
saved our lives; piper frozen; electric fires
cut off: nothing to eat, or if there were,
it couldn't be cooked: & then behold
the parcel from Strasbourg! So we
dined & then lunched & then dined all that-
I can eat it for ever – I could have been
content to freeze almost, if I could eat such
goose liver for ever. But what an extravagant
Rena you are! How Remembrandy in
the vein of the pink, & the pearl &
the fish mongers morpheic hue
pink cream with the black jewels
imbedded in it – or was. Oh Jo! & then
what about Love – to which you so

fantastic myth Esper? Suppose you write it
down, & then I will go into the matter.
I can't (you'll be glad to hear) now; just now, all
snow scattered from walking – the downs
covered a bright blue in the snow: wild
duck circling: & now off to Keynes' Christmas
Cake & hens for dinner.
And my poor old brother in Law Jack
Hills is dead: & Mitzi died in the
night of Christmas Eve –
very touching – he ego that & he had a
white like a very old woman's. Leonard
had taken her to sleep in his room, &
she climbed onto his foot last thing.
But enough – don't die –

Love,

V.

Leonard says: Thank you for the
Pate. Merry Christmas.
Have you heard from
your solicitor about
the letter?

Love to
Harold.

I'll
write a proper
letter soon
about
all sorts of
things.

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

Friday 13 Jan 1939

a woman, Victoria Okampo,
who is the Isabel (Colefax) of
Buenos Aires, wishes to say she
wants to publish something by you in
her Quarterly "Sur". She is in
Paris, has heard you are going
there to lecture — I presume wants to meet
you. I've told her to write to you: but
that I would explain. She's immensely
rich, amorous, has been the mistress of
Cocteau, Mendès — better fun altho I know:
came my way through Aldous Huxley; gave me
a cave of butterflies: I descend from
time to time on me, with eyes like the
roe of codfish phosphorescent: what's underneath
I don't know.

Sorry back, damn, in

Sunday.

V. & P.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Monday 17th Jan. 1939

Yes that is Okampo ; I think she wanted
a poem: also, had wind you were coming.
Marmozet: what about a Bush Baby?
but Sally like being the only one.
Mazey Fizz: how I'd never have guessed
that! Lovely! no. Humorous Jo.
But I'll tell you more when we meet.
Not that I've anything but good, so far as
I know of her. And how do you meet her?

Dennies.
The 3rd is a Friday & we go to Rodmell.
Could it be the 2nd.? Thursday.
Either here (when L. would be here) or
at a place you will choose (& I pay my fare)
up alone. & I mean a restaurant.
The disturbing obscurity of all this need
no Eclare to one who knows the turmoil
of Tavistock Sq. on comes back after 3 weeks
when one dartles, that's me. Do Good night; & watch the
Yrs from your tower
V.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

Sunday
19th Feb. 1939 -

Mrs Raverat says that a large shaggy Mop dog was calmly seen in Piccadilly - On being questioned, it answered to the name of V. Sackville West.

I don't know why it came into my head to tell you this fact; & yet that I think it is true V. Sackville West answered to her name. What happened in Paris? I never heard. Did you meet Ocampo? Did you shout any shall we say intimacy with her? And did she shockingly electrify the Frogs? And what was it about? I last heard from you as you were about to step on board the Channel steamer on a storm. Most you wrote in pencil.

Do shabby shaggy Mop dog, tell me true.

We're basking in the sun; people always

day that — but to see Leonard is cutting
off Woods, or Grafting, or tying together — Lord
knows what Gardners do after tea in
February. And I should be reading
Roger Fry. Ord Ethel has a Wolf Corn
which keeps one leg perpetually in boiling water.
What about Dotty & Geats? Did she take him
South? According to Ottoline, he cut a Gland,
in order to inject virility, woke to see Dotty,
& died of the rush of virility. Impossible! But then is
malicious. I am sorry he is dead. I wish
Some one would write me a Poem. Lord how bad
Shx Austen Sherwood Clay was: to God in a
Dale way. But I wont read any new poetry for a
year, no not new poets. I saw Reed the
other day. I have fallen in love with ....
So Vita is for you to finish the
Lemons, — I'll write no more — so no
more a roving, a roving sweet maid.
You have a ladder: on which
rung am I?

V.

Back to London
Tomorrow.

day that – but to me Leonard is cutting
off shoots, or grafting, or tying together – Lord
knows what the gardeners do after tea in
February. And I should be reading
Roger Fry. Ord Ethel has a soft corn
which keeps one leg perpetually in boiling water.
What about Dotty & Geats? Did she take him
South? According to Ottoline, he cut a figure,
in order to impart virility, woke the Dotty,
& died of the rush of virility. But that is
malicious. I am sorry he is dead. I wish
some one would write me a poem. Lord how bad
the Auden Isherwood play was: so good in a
dark way. But I want read any new poetry for a
year, nor met new poets. I saw Read the
other day. I have fallen in love with ....
So vba as for you to finish the
Lentena, – I'll write no more – so no
more a roving, a roving sweet maid.
You have a ladder: on which
rung am I?

V.

Back to London
tomorrow.

52 T. S. 14th March.

A Begging Letter

Scene, sitting room after tea. V. W hoping to read Chaucer.
Telephone rings
V. Oh my God why do we live in London? (Forces Chaucer on the floor)
Angelica. I'm Angelica.
V. I thought you were dining Clarges.
Ang: Well I am, more or less. I want you to ask Vita..... I want also to ask you...
I want to ask you both...
V. Well, spit it out like a Briton.
Ang. To ask you both, whether, if — oh dear how am I to explain? It's the Village Players. You remember the people I went about with last summer, acting Gammer Gurtons needle? —
V. A very coarse play I thought it: but none the worse for that.
Ang: And they want to act again this summer. But they've no money.
V. Oh heh oh heh...
Ang: Now don't cry before you're hurt. I'm not asking you for money — I'm asking if you & Vita would — would —

Guarantee, suppose they cant pay their expenses, but
they probably will — only suppose all are poor as mice —
& its very important to keep the company together —
& suppose acting old English Play — & Michel
St Denis has promised to come & see them —
& he might give them jobs in his
Company — & the villagers love the Play —
Would you guarantee them — well
whatever you can — & the chances are you
wont pay a penny... & would you ask
~~to~~ — well, that's very good of you: that's
a great help [I guaranteed £10: in the hope
it won't be needed]
And would you ask Vita?"

V. But I hate asking my friends.... Vita has a
million other bloodsuckers after her. And if I do
ask her I shall tell her to be as firm as
the Monument & as hard as a Stone.

Ang. But promise me you will ask her —

V: Oh Angelica — Angelica —
The telephone is cut off. I ask you according to promise
And now return to Chaucer.

And there's no reason whatever that you should
Guarantee a brass farthing

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

4 May

No we hadn't gathered the fact about
your Sunday : so as we can't come on
Friday (owing to a meeting at the School at
Rodmell) may we come on Monday —
about 3.30 as near as may be.
If this is wrong, ring us up 385
Lewes (for bells aren't delivered)
Nothing heard, we'll come.
Can't then one day you'll come here ; please
Mrs Nicolson. This is added by